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REMINISCENCES.

Personal Recollections of a Trip to Texas in Pioneer Days, and Some Incidents in Cow Boy Life in the West.

(By L. N. Perkins.)

Texas is a country of a great variety of climate and products. For a hundred miles or more west of Marshall where we were stopping, the country is heavily timbered, mostly yellow pine, and corn and cotton were the principal crops grown. It was now late in November and there had been considerable rainfall, and we were told that the roads were bad. We had some difficulty in getting conveyance on further. There were eight of us in the party, all with considerable baggage; so no baby outfit was able to undertake the job. We finally met up with a man who was equal to the emergency and agreed to take us on to Dallas for \$140.00. So at the time appointed he came with four good horses and a big stage coach, and we loaded up and commenced the journey. We had not been misinformed about the roads for they were certainly anything but good—plenty of mud in some locations and in others dangerous quicksands. There were no towns along the way traveled, although the country was right well filled with settlers. There were no public places of entertainment, as most of the travel consisted of wagons hauling cotton to market and goods on their return. So we had to depend on private entertainment when we stopped at night, which was often times very difficult to obtain. One instance I remember well, which I will relate:

One afternoon the driver informed us that some distance a head of us there was a very dangerous road and that the people living near were un hospitable and we had better look out early for a stopping place, as he would not undertake to drive over that road after night. So an hour or two before sun down we commenced trying to get a stopping place for the night, but in every instance we were refused so we traveled on till after dark when we pulled up to a good looking place where they seemed to have plenty of room and feed for the horses but, as usual, were turned down and we were told that they could not keep us at all. The driver, who was a big, burly fellow, and looked as though he meant every word he said, told the man that he positively was not going any further that night; that he knew the road and a short distance ahead it was very dangerous and he would not attempt to drive over it in the dark, and that if he would not let them have shelter (it was then beginning to rain) he would camp in the road. On hearing this ultimatum the man said we could come in and we could have some place to sleep, but they could not get supper for us. So while they were caring for the horses we went into a room shown us by the lady of the house, and sat down. She also took a seat for a few seconds. We all sat there, no one speaking, and the whole party looked like we were at a funeral, when the least child, a boy about 2½ years old went to his mother and asked for something to eat. We were all hungry, as we did not stop for dinner, but ate a light lunch which we carried with us. The child's mother told him she had nothing for him; he seemed much disappointed and began to

cry. In a short time the lady of the house got up, said not a word but went into an adjoining room and began to make the pans and kettles rattle at a lively pace and in a short time she returned and invited us to a good supper which we proceeded to do ample justice to. We had comfortable beds that night and a good breakfast next morning, and the charge was very reasonable. So that was one time when the crying of a child did some good.

Soon after the start next morning we came to a small creek and as soon as we crossed we noticed warnings posted up. The driver stopped and we all had to walk a half mile or more till we came to the hills and the driver had to run as fast as the horses could go to keep from sinking in the quick sand, which proved he was right about what he had said the night previous. We had no more trouble after that and during the day we were delighted by coming to the prairie in Kaufman county where we found good roads and hospitable people. We stopped that night in Kaufman county and the following day we reached Dallas, which was as far as our driver had agreed to haul us. It was some fifteen or twenty miles yet to where Mr. Hatcher's family wished to stop so our driver was prevailed on to go on, and we all stayed over night there. The next morning the stage coach started on the return trip and I arranged to go on to Fort Worth which was my objective point, a distance yet of 20 miles or more.

I hired a boy to take me on horse-back part of the way, and walked the remainder, arriving at my Uncle's a while before sun down with the satisfaction of knowing that after nearly six months of effort I had accomplished what I had undertaken to do. I found my two uncles living on adjoining farms, on Grand Prairie, four miles north of, and in sight of Fort Worth, Texas, at that time a village about the size Boone was before the Training School and railroad hit it. At that time I thought, and still think, that Grand Prairie was the most beautiful country I ever saw.

I do not know the size of the prairie proper, but it was large and pretty and covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, with herds of cattle roaming over it and just enough farms dotted over it to make it look home-like. I had some other near relatives, besides those mentioned, living in the neighborhood, and a number of war comrades, so I felt very much like I was at home.

As it was only about three weeks until Christmas I took a vacation and gave myself over to enjoyment for a time. I had a cousin about my age with whom I had gone to school and played with in childhood. He was an ex-soldier but not from Morgan's command, and we had great fun hunting jack rabbits and prairie chickens, which were as plentiful then as blackbirds in the spring of the year. There were a number of young people in the neighborhood and social gatherings during the holidays were "the order of the day," a number of which I attended and had a good time.

On New Years morning 1867 there came a "Norther" with a light tracking snow, the most snow my uncle said he had seen at one time in Texas, and he had been living there then seven years. So my cousin and I decided to go deer hunting in the bottoms along the river, about three miles distance. We star-

In Memoriam.

Brother Lewis Earp was born June 7, 1883, and departed this life Nov. 9, 1920, aged 37 years, 5 mos. He professed faith in Christ several years ago and joined Mt. Lebanon Baptist church and was a devoted christian until death.

On March the 9th, 1919, he was married to Miss Lallie Hodges, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hodges, who survives him. Lewis was loved by all who knew him, and always had a kind word and a smile for everyone he met. We cannot see his sweet smiles again on earth but, if we live true christians, we will meet him on the golden shore where partings are no more. We will miss him in the community, but the loved ones at home will miss him worst of all. The home circle has been broken; a vacant chair is at the fire side, but, dear ones, just think what a happy change it is for all those who die in the Lord, and we do believe that Lewis did go to Jesus when he left this world of sickness, sorrow, pain and death. He told us that he was going to die with Jesus. He said his only regret to die was to leave his wife. Why he was taken so young in manhood we cannot tell. But He who giveth, doeth all things well. We are taught in the Scripture that all things work together for those who love the Lord, and are called according to His purpose. Let us live here so that when we leave this world we can go home to heaven, and there we will meet Lewis and all our loved ones, where parting will be no more, and all is happiness and joy with the holy angels.

Lewis was laid to rest in the Hines grave yard to await the resurrection morn, the funeral services being conducted by the Rev. Ed. Hodges. A large crowd of relatives and friend were present to pay their respects to Lewis. The grave was literally covered with beautiful flowers. He leaves a wife, mother, six brothers, three sisters and a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his departure.

I. N. MINTON.

DO YOU NEED A SILO?

Mr. Farmer, Do you need a silo? Yes, if you have ten cows or the equivalent in young stock. A silo saves all the corn crop, while 40 per cent. is lost by cutting, shocking and feeding the dried fodder. There is less waste in feeding silage than fodder, and more convenient. The same amount of corn put into a silo will produce more milk or more beef than when fed any other way. The silo produces succulent feed in the winter, and silage is the next thing to grass. A silo is a paying investment on any farm that has cattle and sheep.

Now is the time to get out the lumber for the silo and get every thing ready to build in the summer. A silo ten feet in diameter and 24 feet deep will feed 10 to 12 head of cows all winter. A stave silo this size would require about 1,500 feet of lumber. If short pieces 2x4's are laid flat and nailed one on top of the other, twice this number of feet will be required, but no hoops.

Get your neighbor interested in building and then all co-operate in buying the cutter and filling.

J. A. CONOVER.

Boone, N. C.

ted early and spent the day, but got no deer. We saw a band of them but they were very wild and we did not get a shot at them but contented ourselves with smaller game.

[Continued next week]

The Erection of New County Home Let to Contract.

One of the most gratifying news items that it has been the privilege of The Democrat to carry for many moons, is that the Board of County Commissioners has let to contract, to McGhee Bros., the erection of a new home for the county's unfortunate poor, the building to be erected next summer. The structure will be a rather imposing and commodious one. It will be of brick, two stories high, and 102 feet long by 40 feet wide, with an annex for dining room and kitchen. It will be steam heated and supplied with hot and cold water throughout the building. It will contain about 26 living rooms, four bath rooms and toilets, and will be entirely modern in every detail. The building will be erected on the poor house farm, two and a half miles west of Boone, and right near the Boone Trail Highway. The special tax for this fund, 15 cents on the hundred dollars valuation, for the years '19 and '20, amount to about 14,000, but this is not enough, and we suspect that a like assessment will be made for the year 1921.

Bed Spreads Wanted.

The Hanwork Shop, Poughkeepsie, New York, wants nicely made bed spreads in the following designs: Bowl of Roses, Swinging Basket, Mountain Lily, Bamboo Briar, Wandering Vine, Sweet Briar Rose, Snowball, Bird and Tree, Hickory Leaf, Wild Cucumber and Bowknot and Thistle. Payment made in a very short time. Dec. 6. tfe.

Conductor John Gorely Dies of Small Pox.

Early Friday morning, after several weeks illness with small pox, Mr. John Gorely, the oldest passenger conductor, save one, on the E. E. & W. N. C. Railroad, died at his home at Cranberry. The remains were laid to rest in the cemetery in his home town Saturday, a large and sympathetic crowd of friends and co-workers being present. The floral offerings were abundant and expensive, furnished, in the main, by the trainmen on his own road and other lines. Since the extension of the road into Boone, Capt. Gorely has been on duty quite a good deal, and he has many friends here who are pained to hear of his death, which has been expected for several days. He leaves a widow who has the deepest sympathy of all in her sore bereavement.

"America," says Mr. Chester-ton, "began with the declaration of Independence and ended with Prohibition." And it was an unidentified sage who remarked: "We have fought for the freedom of the seas; now we can drink 'em."—Rochester Herald.

CITY LIVERY.

I have some of the choicest saddle horses in the county; some splendid driving and draft horses. Day and night service. Stable back of Watauga County Bank. See me at the Critcher Hotel. Phone in both stable and at the Hotel.

R. L. HONEYCUTT.

Vice President-elect Coolidge has gone South to rest, not being aware, apparently, that it has always been the custom of Vice Presidents to do their resting after taking the oath of office.—Kansas City Star.

Still, Germany should reflect that while paying out her savings for 42 years will be something of a financial strain, it will constitute an excellent discipline to her moral character.—Kansas City Star.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE.

Sallie Earp et al, vs. Rebecca Earp and Coy Earp.
Under and by virtue of an order of the court made in the above entitled action for partitioning the proceeds of said sale; in which I, the undersigned, was appointed Commissioner to make said sale, and will expose to sale at the court house door in Boone N. C., on Monday, the 7th day of March, 1921, the same being the first Monday in March, to the highest bidder the following described tract of parcel of land in Watauga township, Watauga county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of T. H. Taylor, I. C. Earp, Sr., Richard Walls and others and bounded as follows: Beginning on a small tame cherry tree and running west about 18 poles to a small one-tant, T. H. Taylor's survey, then south 16d. west, 23 poles to a chestnut oak on top of a rock; thence 27d. W. with I. C. Earp's survey, crossing the public road and 18 poles to a large chestnut at the corner of the grave yard; thence S. 75d. east 10 poles to a chestnut on top of the grave yard ridge; thence S. 81d. E. to the public road; thence with said road to Isaac N. Minton's beginning corner; thence a north course with said Minton's line to the beginning and containing 30 acres, more or less. The one-half acre containing the Baird's Creek school house is hereby excepted from the above boundary. Terms of sale as follows: One-third cash; one-third on six months, and one-third on twelve months time. This Feb. 4, 1921.
R. A. ADAMS, Commissioner.

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS

STOVES AND RANGES

I. H. C. MACHINERY

We have on hand a good stock of stoves and ranges that we are going to sell at a good reduction to make room for our line of heavy farm machinery, nails and barb wire woven field fence, etc., which will be coming in about the first of March. Our stoves and ranges are of the very best makes and will be a source of pleasure to the housewives who use them.

Spraying time is here now and why let your trees go without the proper attention. We handle bbl. lime and will be glad to get you the sulphur and furnish you directions on how to boil and mix your ingredients for lime sulphur solution.

Those who wait for every thing to come to the old prices of 1914 and 1915 are standing in their own light. Things are adjusting themselves as fast as possible and you and I can be of a great deal of help by doing our bit to start the wheels of industry moving again by buying in our usual manner such things as we need. If we were to all stop buying now all factories would stop and as a result things would jump right back up as a result of a shortage of merchandise.

Remember we are agents for the Nissen Wagons "The Best By Test." Our stock of general hardware is complete. Pay the cash and buy for less.

GASOLINE AND OILS.

Boone Hardware Co.

TIRES AND TUBES.